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# The Northern Lasses lamentation,

O R.

## The unhappy Maids Misfortune.

Since she did from her freinds depart  
No earthly thing can cheer her heart:  
But still she doth her case Lament,  
Being always fill'd with discontent,  
Resolving to do nought but mourn,  
Till to the North she doth return

To the tune I would I were in my own Country.

With Allowance.



**A** North Countrey Lass  
Up to London did pass  
Although with her Nature it did not agree  
which made her repent  
and so often Lament  
With wishing again in the North for to be,  
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Joy Tree  
do flourish at home in my own Country.

fain would I be  
in the North Countrey  
Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay  
there should I see  
what is pleasant to me  
A mischeif light on t'ele antic'd me away,  
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Joy Tree,  
do flourish most bravely in our Country.

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Since that I came forth  
of the pleasant North  
There's nothing delightful I see doth abound,  
they never can be  
half so merry as we  
When we are a dancing of Sellingers round.  
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ioy Tree,  
doth flourish at home in our own Country.

I like not the Court  
nor the City resort  
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me,  
their pomp and their pride  
I can never abide  
Because with my humour it doth not agree  
O the Oak, the Ash, the bonny Ioy Tree,  
doth flourish at home in my own country,

How oft have I been  
On the Westmoorland green  
Where the young men and Maidens resort for to  
where we with delight (play  
from morning till night  
Could feast it and frolick on each Holliday  
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ioy Tree,  
They flourish most bravely in our country.

A milking to go  
All the Maids on a row  
It was a fine sight and pleasant to see.  
but here in the City  
they are void of pity  
There is no enjoyment of Liberty,  
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ioy Tree  
They flourish most bravely in our Country.

When I had the heart  
From my friends to depart  
I thought I should be a Lady at last  
but now I do find  
that it troubles my mind  
Because that my joyes and my pleasure is past,  
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ioy Tree,  
They flourish at home, &c.

The pees and the Lambs  
With the Kiddles and their Damms  
To see in the Country how finely they play  
the Bells they do ring  
and the Birds they do sing  
And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay  
O the Oak, and the Ash, and the bonny Ioy Tree  
They flourish most bravely in our Country.

At Wickes and at Fairs  
Being void of all cares,  
we there with our Lovers did use for to dance,  
then hard hap I had I  
my ill fortune to try  
And so up to London my steps to advance,  
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ioy Tree  
They, &c.

Yet still I perceive  
I a husband might have  
If I to the City my mind could but frame;  
but I'll have a Lad  
What is North-Country bred  
Or else I'll not marry in my mind that I am,  
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ioy Tree  
They flourish, &c.

A maiden I am  
And a maid I'll remain  
Until my own Countrey again I do see  
for here in this place  
I shall ne'er see the face  
Of him that's allotted my Love for to be.  
O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ioy Tree  
They flourish, &c.

Then farwel my Daddy  
And farwel my Maimey;  
Until I do see you I nothing but mourn  
Remembering my Brothers  
my Sisters & others,  
In less than a year I hope to return.  
Then the Oak and the Ash, and the bonny Ioy Tree,  
I shall see them at home in my own Countrey.